

PR

3404

D22++

1706a

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY





Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924013175462>

Cornell University Library
PR 3404.D22 1706a

Daniel Defoe's hymn for the thanksgiving



3 1924 013 175 462 olin oye2

THE WRITINGS OF DANIEL DEFOE

MOORE NO. 119.

TITLE DANIEL DEFOE'S HYMN.

DATE 1706.

LIBRARY R.



UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS LIMITED
REMAX HOUSE ALFRED PLACE LONDON WC1

DANIEL DEFOE's Hymn

FOR THE

Thanksgiving.

WHen *Israel's Army* pass'd the Dreadful Stream
To Conquer *Canaan* ; *how did Nature dream !*
How stood the Conquering Host amaz'd to see }

Jordan's strong Waves portending Victory,
Frighted start back, and leave the Passage free !
Doz'd with the pleasing Sight, the *Halting Sun*
Stood still ; as if he slept, and had forgot to run.
Nature's great self obeys, when *Joshua* calls,
And *Rams-Horn Batteries* beat down *Canaan's Walls*.
Cheap Victory and easy Conquests joyn,
And Heaven directs in every *wise Design*.
Joshua THE MARLBRO' of those wondrous Days,
Only went out to fight, *came home* to praise ;
The *Distant Nations* trembl'd at his Name,
Less conquer'd by his Sword, *than by his Fame*.
The *Huge Gigantick Legions* quit the Field,
And *Anak's Household Troops* were taught to yield ;
Amaz'd, from rapid Conquests *Nations* flew,
And their own Fears the guilty Troops subdue.

Marlbro', OUR JOSHUA, just like him *makes War*,
From him, th' *Invincible* has learn'd to fear ;
Th' *Embattled Squadrons* tremble at his Fame,
Less frightened at his Sword, *than at his Name*.
The *Legions* shun the *Lightning of his Bow*,
And *Stubborn Provinces* are taught to bow ;
The *humbld Cities* crow'd his glorious Feet,
Conquer'd unseen, at distance they submit.
Imperial Gbent at the first Message runs,
And *Answer's* batter'd but with *Paper Guns* ;
A Letter fetch'd in *Bruges* with her Keys,
Bethel and *Ai* were Villages to these :
Ostend and *Newport* ! where will *Fancy* run !
Only resist, *that they may be undone*,
And *France*, the promis'd *Canaan of the War*,
At our approaching Navy owns her Fear.
While *Marlbro'* thus does hourly *Triumph's* raise,
THE QUEEN, (the Center of his Glory,) PRAYS.
The *willing Nations* in her Zeal concur,
The QUEEN gives Thanks to Heaven, *and they to Her*.
The *Royal Hands* lift up, that Help obtain,
Which once deny'd——Makes *France* resist in vain ;
TIS DONE ! Heaven owns the Cause, *and Fate obeys*,
And now the Grateful QUEEN's come back to praise.

Listen, ye Nations, to the mighty Song,
And view at distance the *Illustrious Throng* ;
Bright as the Valour this great Day procur'd,
Worthy the Name, worthy great *Marlbro's* Sword.
View first the QUEEN, and then surround her Throne,
With Lustre, only by her self out-shone ;
Compass'd with *Sages*, Wisdom humbly waits
To bless her Councils, and adorn her Gates ;
Compass'd with *Heroes*, Valour draws her Sword,
And *English Fame* by *Marlbro's* Hand's restor'd ;
Compass'd with *wealthy Subjects*, she commands
Their Hearts, their Purse, *and by these* their Hands.
In Temper *Humble, Merciful and Kind*,
And swell'd in Triumphs, *not at all in Mind*.
Princes to her exalted Throne address,
There *Heroes bow*, and *Conquerors* sue for Peace.
Fame that to *Eke out Actions*, learns to lye,
And flatters Men of *Crime with Majesty*,
Shall from our Lines no false Advantage gain,
Truth forms her Crown, and *Liberty* her Reign.

